

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 40.]

Business Directory.

REED & CRITCHFIELD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court-house.

D. S. UHL.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—In Mayer's building, over the Book Store.

WM. S. TANNYHILL.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors east of the Bank, up stairs.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Fredericksburg, Ohio. Respectfully announces his readiness to give prompt attention to all professional calls. He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of the University of Michigan and to the Faculty of Medicine of the University of New York city. Sept. 27, 1860.—n236

DR. S. D. RICHARDS.
HAS located in Berlin, Holmes County, Ohio. He will attend to all calls proper to his profession. Especial attention to diseases of the Eye.

DR. G. W. RAMAGE.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Would respectfully inform the citizens of Holmes County and vicinity that he has located himself in said place for the practice of his profession. Office four doors west of Reed's Corner.

DR. T. G. V. ROLING.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office on Main street, formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine.

DR. EBRIGT.
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st. nearly opposite the Empire House. Residence—on Clay street, opposite the Presbyterian Church.

DR. A. A. CRUMP.
GERMAN & ENGLISH BOTANIC Physician, Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public square.

A. B. FRY.
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg, Ohio.

JAS. HEBBORN & SON.
DEALERS IN English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass, Sash, Pine Doors Sash, and Coach Trimmings.

ELLISON & DE SILVA. Proprietors, Jackson Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n254

OHIO HOUSE.
I. HOXWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main street, Millersburg, O. n254

SIMS HOUSE.
JOHN SIMS, Proprietor, Sandusky Avenue, Bucyrus, Ohio. n23

JOHNSON HOUSE.
D. JOHNSON, Proprietor, Public Square, Bucyrus, Ohio. n22

A. J. BELL.
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Millersburg, Ohio. He is at all times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowledgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances, mortgages, and powers of Attorneys, and Record the same, take Depositions to be used in any of the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills of exchange, &c. His office is in the County Recorder's office. n21

LAKE & JONES.
DENTISTS, WOOSTER, OHIO.

BAKER & WHOLE.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn and oats
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW
And all kinds of DRIED FRUITS.

WHEAT & CORN.
WHEAT & CORN, MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.
Produce and Commission Merchants.

FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS.
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.

Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS, &c. &c.

HANCOCK CAMP & CO.
Produce & General Commission Merchants.

S. WEIRICH & BRO.
DEALERS IN

IRON, STEEL, NAILS,
LEVELS, CHISELS, BRACES, PLANES, AUGERS, SLANES, AXES, SQUARES, ADZES, &c.

WINDOW SASH, DOORS,
MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.

OILS, WHITE LEAD, SADDLERY,
Agricultural Implements.

Probate Court.
The Criminal term of the Probate Court of Holmes County, Ohio, will be held as follows for the year 1860:

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
A. S. LOUTHER

MULVANEY'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render general satisfaction to those for whom he does work, and he hopes by industry and close application to business to receive a liberal share of patronage.

GROCERY STORE.
GROFFER ITNER has removed his

Grocery and Provision Store
To the Rooms formerly occupied by

GROCERIES
should call.

Poetry.

"ANTHONA AND CLEOPATRA."

BY GEN. W. H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebb the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Phytian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Lo! this corpse, O queen, support me;
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear;
Hearken to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my sorrow and veteran legions
Bear my eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Antium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering murals surround me,
Prompt to do thy master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great triumvir's ill.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion's servile minions,
Toss to Caesar's hand that flow'ring
Tress to Caesar's hand that flow'ring
Hear, then, pillow'd on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly sang a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noblewoman, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home;
Sob her, say thy words have told me,
Alas, august, divine wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of Kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorrows of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors,
With the splendors of thy smile,
Give this Caesar crown and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
Lean on the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark the insidious foemen cry,
They are coming—quick, my falchion,
Let me front them ere I die,
Ah! no more amid the battle,
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome!—Farewell!

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you will not leave me," exclaimed Valesia.

Mrs. Menard drew the child to her, and beneath the silver moonbeams she talked to her of heaven, and prepared her for the sorrow that was soon to fall upon her.

The only relative Mrs. Menard had was a brother of her late husband. The uncle George she had spoken of to her little daughter resided in Florida. Mrs. Menard had written to him stating that there was no other person in the world to whom she could trust Valesia but him; and begged him to come to her before it was too late to see her.

A week passed by and almost hourly Mrs. Menard seemed to fail. She was no longer able to sit upon the porch and watch the innocent sports of her child upon the sloping green; beyond that door-sill she would never step again. Valesia was her attentive little nurse. Years seemed suddenly added to the child's age as she watched that dying mother.

It was a calm, placid morning. A light haze mist hung over the bright waters, and flowery dunes of laughing zephyrs came in the open casement, bearing upon their dewy wing the most delicious perfumes from Florida's bowers. Valesia was sitting by her mother in silence, and Mrs. Menard was gazing upon the broad fields and waving woods, when a servant announced Mr. George Menard.

Mr. Menard bent his tall form beside the couch of his sister, and kindly took her hand.

"Thank God you have come!" she murmured. "George, will you be kind to my little girl—will you take care of her for her father's sake? She will soon have no one in the world to look to but yourself."

"Have not a doubt as to her future welfare," he said; "she shall be to me as my own daughter—cherished and loved by my household. You need not fear to trust her with me."

Mrs. Menard's eyes spoke her thanks. Calling Valesia to her bedside, she placed a Bible in her hands and said:

"Valesia, love your Uncle; he is a good girl; and amid whatever trials and sufferings life may bring you, look on high for support, and let this book be your guide. She sank back upon the pillow, and Valesia was an orphan.

Mr. Menard turned and clasped her in his arms, and there was a bond of love and union which in after years was a joy and a comfort to both. Valesia was for a while inconsolable. Her grief was wild and violent, and as it wore away a shade of melancholy settled upon her childish spirit, and the expression of her large, earnest eyes was sadly sad. The largest part of all to the little girl was leaving the cottage.

"Can't we live here, uncle George?—Why must we go away?" she asked.

"Because, my dear, I have a home away down in Florida, and a little girl of my own there, very little older than you; and now that your dear mother has gone to heaven, you are to be her sister, and my little girl, also; therefore you must go with me and live where I do."

"Oh, I won't stay here, indeed I do!" sobbed Valesia.

"My dear little Valesia, do you not think that you will be happy in your new home? I will love you, your aunt will love you; and you will have our little Georgia for a playmate and sister."

"I know you will love me, uncle George, but I do not think I can ever play as I used; I want my dear mamma, and when I am here it is just like I can hear her, and hear her talk to me; but if I go away with you, I will leave her here all alone; and, Oh, uncle George, I cannot go—indeed I cannot; and covering her face with her hands she wept convulsively.

Mr. Menard's heart ached for the little orphan girl, and willingly would he have let her be. "What to say to her he knew not, he had no idea what argument he could use that could avail anything and he concluded to let her alone for a while longer at any rate.

The next day, however, he was more successful. He took her upon his knee and talked to her of her mother, and told her that it was her wish that she should leave the cottage and go with him, and if she could look down from heaven, it would deeply grieve her to see her little daughter thus rebel against the last request she had made to her.

Valesia wept quietly upon his breast for a few minutes, and then looking up in his face, said:

"I will go with you, uncle George, and be your own little girl."

The content of the child once gained, things were soon arranged, and preparations were made for her departure. Another day saw little Valesia Menard start for her distant Florida home, far from the scenes of early years, and all their hallowed associations.

When the carriage which contained Mr. Menard and his niece stopped at the door of his dwelling, his wife and daughter came out to meet them. Valesia's welcome was warm, and she felt almost happy the first day she was there.

Georgia Menard was a year older than Valesia, but a stranger, to see them both would have said she was at least three or four years her senior.

Valesia soon ceased to pine for her early dwelling place. Mrs. Menard was exceedingly fond of her, and a harsh word the child never heard from her lips. Her uncle George petted and spoiled her, if anything more than he did Georgia.

He always called her Siny, and the dear thing in the world was that she named to her. Persons all said—and they said it with truth—that there were but few orphan children who found such a home.

Old father Time had set the stamp of nine years upon the inmates of Mr. Menard's dwelling. The shades of night had closed round the earth, and distant objects were scarcely visible round the Oakdale mansion. A light was burning

brilliantly in the hall, and its rays fell upon two persons standing upon the porch.

One, a lady, with dark, almost swarthy complexion, chestnut hair braided smoothly back from her brow, and dark hazel eyes, which spoke much plainer than words could have done. Valesia Menard was still her uncle's Siny. She kept the character of the fairy of the family well, but in mind and intellect she was all and even more than her childhood had given promise of.

Her companion was a young man of noble mien; he was gazing fondly on the little being at his side, and she with a look of love and trust beaming from her soft eyes, was listening to the words he was speaking low and soft.

Roland Haywood was a young merchant. He had met the owners of Oakdale, with their daughter and niece, at the Springs. He had been since then a constant visitor at Oakdale, and had now won from the gentle Valesia a promise to be his wife.

At the parlor window was one who overheard their conversation with anything but pleasant feelings. Georgiana was very beautiful. She was tall in bearing, as light and graceful as a gazelle, and her voice was sweeter than a nightingale's. Her complexion was whiter than alabaster; the rich glow of health tinged her cheeks; her eyes were of the darkest blue, and her soft, golden brown hair fell in rippling ringlets round her neck.

She had tried her utmost to win Roland Haywood; and great was her anger and astonishment when, on that night, she heard him offer his heart and hand to her cousin Valesia. How could he choose? She had no pretension to beauty; she was intelligent and lively; the very best of company, she could play upon the piano very well, but could not touch the key with the master hand of Georgiana; yet when enumerating the things which Valesia could not do, Georgiana never for a moment thought that her singing would not be so grand without her cousin's full rich voice.

Georgiana had loved Valesia with a sister's fondness, until Roland Haywood showed his fondness for her; and now, as she listened to the words he was softly breathing to her, she vowed that Valesia Menard should never be the wife of Roland Haywood.

Georgiana was in her room when Valesia entered.

"Have you been here all the evening, Georgiana?" asked Valesia.

As Georgiana looked up, she met Valesia's eyes, and in them read what she had overheard.

"No, I was down stairs for a while," she replied.

"Oh, Georgiana! what do you think?" exclaimed Valesia.

"I think a great many things. What is it in particular you wish me to know?" asked Georgiana.

Valesia could not feel her happiness until Georgiana shared it. She told her of the happiness in store for her, and never suspected that while her cousin spoke in tones of true love, she was plotting how to destroy her new found bliss.

Angels hovered around the head of Valesia that night, but the sleep of Georgiana was as troubled as that of Eve, when the wily serpent whispered in her ear.

CHAPTER III.
"When will the morning dawn? And yet to me what can avail the dawning? Do I desire, and benefit of every day? Victim of falsehood, treachery and fraud, With many a bitter pang, and bitter woe, I pass the weary hours."

Although Georgiana was so very beautiful, she was not admired so much as Valesia. Besides Roland there was one other young man who visited Oakdale constantly—Norris Parker.

There was a little company of ladies and gentlemen at Oakdale. Roland and Valesia were on the porch, when Georgiana came to her and said one of the girls wished to see her.

Valesia entered the house. Roland was about to follow, when his attention was arrested by Georgiana's picking up a piece of paper and laughing as she read something upon it.

"What is that that amuses you, Miss Georgie; can I see it?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "for worlds you should not see this;" but at the same time she let it fly from her fingers upon his feet. He caught it up, and supposing it to be nonsense, read the following note:

"DEAREST NORRIS—Will you meet me to-night in the Magnolia bower? I have something of importance to communicate to you. Yours until death, VALESIA."

"Oh, Mr. Haywood, you have read that!" he said. "I would not have you know that Valesia is engaged to Mr. Parker for anything in the world. She told me in the strictest confidence—she would be so very angry with me."

"She shall not know it; the secret shall be safe with me," answered Roland; and offering his arm to Georgiana, they joined the promenaders who were on the lawn. That night Valesia received these few lines:

"MISS MENARD—I release you from your engagement entirely. R. HAYWOOD."

It was a stunning blow to poor Valesia. With her trouble she went to Georgiana, and she soothed her with her honeyed words, and the poor child rested secure of her love, little thinking that the arch-fiend in the garden of Eden was not more subtle than the one whom she styled her bosom friend.

Valesia's woman pride came to her aid, and supported her well. Calmly and unflinchingly she met him time after time at Oakdale, for he still continued to visit the home; and this Georgiana attributed to growing partiality for her.

But in the secret Valesia suffered, and then her mother's comforter was hers, and poured the balm of Gilead into her wounded breast. She would steal away

"When no one looked upon her brow,
Except the bright moonbeams,
Which shed such tender memories
Of childhood's home afar
Which gave her back the living light
Of many a sweet familiar strain
Of olden days."

Then would her thoughts wander through the dim vista of the past, and the residue of the little cottage beside the sparkling waters of the Merrimac presented to her the only heaven of pure rest she saw in her dark shadowy future, and tears, far bitter than those which fell from her childish eyes when she left it, she now shed over its memory and she felt as though she could have borne anything, could she have stood in the little grave-yard beside the resting place of her mother.

She was sitting at the parlor table one evening; a book lay before her, but she was not reading; and ever and anon a scalding tear would fall upon the page. Georgiana was arranging a vase of flowers, and Mr. Menard was closely watching Valesia. At length he said, "Siny!"

Valesia started, she did not know that he was present, and looked up with the dewy drops still upon her lashes.

"Siny! I wish to know why it is that you are thus changed?"

Quick as thought Valesia said, "Tragic George, I want to see the home of my infancy, and my dear mother's grave."

"Is that all then, my own little niece? Siny, cheer up, for you shall see it very soon."

Roland Haywood and Norris Parker had from childhood been friends, and although Roland believed him to be his rival, he still treated him as usual. He was sitting in his room one evening when Norris came in with a very downcast countenance.

"Why Norris, man, what is the matter with you? You look as if you had a world of care upon your shoulders!" said Roland, laughing.

"Well to make a long story short, Haywood, I have proposed in form to Miss Valesia Menard; and—well, I must say it—I have been rejected!"

For several moments Roland could not speak. When he did, he showed none of the surprise he felt. But he determined at the earliest opportunity to seek an interview with Valesia.

Valesia, was walking in the grove some distance from the house, when she met Roland. She was about to pass on, but he stopped her.

"Valesia, I must talk to you!"

"You can have nothing to say to me now, Mr. Haywood," she said coldly.

"Do not speak to me thus, Valesia, but for heaven's sake, tell me did you ever care for Norris Parker? Were you ever engaged to him?"

Valesia looked with surprise and indignation, and demanded why he asked such a question. The result of that conversation was that Roland sought an interview with Mr. Menard, and asked him if he would give him his niece. The family were alone in the parlor when Mr. Menard said to his wife:

"There was a gentleman here to-day very anxious to release me of the care of Siny."

Mrs. Menard looked up and smiled.

"I am in earnest, and as Siny herself is not averse to the exchange, I have concluded to give her up. How would you like Roland Haywood for a nephew?"

"It is just as I expected," said Mrs. Menard. "My dear Valesia, you have my free consent; you could not have made a better choice. God bless your union."

Georgiana said nothing, but she met Valesia's eyes, and that was enough. When they were alone she burst into tears. Valesia sat down beside her and kindly took her hand, and talked to her in the gentlest words. There was no anger in Georgiana's heart at that moment, and throwing her arms around Valesia she humbly craved pardon. And that night for the first time she quitted the nursery and her mother's knee, she bent in silent prayer before the throne of the Almighty.

The sinking sun was again reflecting in the waters of the Merrimac, and upon its banks stood V